

A DELEGATE'S DREAM.

Too Much Circus-Convention—Great National Character—istics as Exhibited at Chicago During the week.

Speaking of dreams, said Shorty Williams, I expect I can place on record as clear a specimen of off-hand dreaming as has ever been heard of in this land of the free and the home of the political liar. I was elected a delegate from Montana to the Chicago convention, and on my way there I took a run over to my old home in Iowa. Sells Brother's big show was there and of course I took it in, and when I went to bed the continued thinking of the great menagerie and of the convention sort of turned my brain over and built up the dream of which I speak. I dreamed that I entered the great menagerie, and lo! the animals had escaped from their cages, and were holding a presidential convention. The idea of the animal kingdom sending delegates to a convention to elect a president! But of such was the baseless fabric of my dream. I dreamed that the giant elephant, Emperor, occupied the chair, rigged out in an evening dress which he had taken from his trunk. The various committees were reporting as I got in, and it was soon evident to me that an imaginary lumber yard was being overhauled, supplying planks for the platform. The convention seemed to be run on the co-operative plan, as I soon discovered that the stalwarts were led by the big elephant, the half-breed by the coyote, the democrats by the lion and the republicans by the tiger. The greenbackers were led by the parrot; the workingmen by the beaver; the monopolists, as always, had the greedy side of it, and were led by the bull and bear, and the colored element by the coon. Bruin had just been making a speech as I entered, and concluded by saying:

This is the first general convention—the first gathering, grand gathering I will say, of all species of animals since the days of Noah, I—

Here he had to bear an interruption from the parrot, who shouted: I Noah thing or two about it myself, I—(Cries of cheese it! cheese it!) No cheese for me without crackers, cried the parrot. —I

But he was interrupted by the stork who cried: Mr. President, I would like to say a few words regarding my silver bill.

Silver bill, replied the chair, may do for storks but they will not stand nosing from this body.

I, said the coon, would like to introduce a measure regarding the fowl—Never your mind the fowl, exclaimed the chicken hawk. I'm on to your game.

This out break caused the laughing hyena to shed tears. My friends, said he, that is a grave assertion. I pause to—

Yes, yes, corrected the chair, but you keep your paws out of it.

Mr. Speaker, cried the goat, I would like to say a little word for a scent here—

Wo there, shouted the horned horses, what's the matter with drawing the line at two bits?

Order being finally restored, and the tiger having obtained the floor he held the attention of the vast concourse of animals—certainly more than ever before assembled—for fully an hour while in glowing terms and with wonderful force and power he advocated the framing of some law, he cared not what, for the suppression of gambling. Concluding with a brilliant peroration, he said: I appeal to you, for the sake of justice of fairness, and of him—I mean brutality and I must say for personal reasons and on behalf of my constituency, for I can assure you that we have to stand the brunt of the whole matter. No reasoning voter, whether he wears a bull's head or an ape's will attempt to deny that all classes who gamble make it a point to buck the tiger.

Before, however, any action could be taken upon it, the lion jumped to his feet and said: Mr. Speaker, I move the previous question, and regard it as the main one.

At this juncture the elephant gained the floor and exclaimed: I trust that the lion's motion will not prevail, at least until this body has taken some action upon the important question of leasing the public lands by the great trunk lines (cries of Question, question, from the African quarter.) During the short time lost by this crossfire, the three-horned, black rhinoceros gained the floor and erecting his snout, broke out as follows: Mr. President, I would like to have the civil rights bill. The coal bear and myself have held a consultation with representatives from our respective constituents and have so decided.

Old Rhinos was pronounced out of order and had to give way to the zebra, who came forward with tail erect,

and smiling snout, carefully brushing his stripes, and made quite a speech on the prison reform bill. This created quite a stir, during which the whale spouted from his tank: "Mr. President, I am interested in the passage of a tariff bill, and consider the main question that of free trade. Oil have some farther remarks to make upon this subject."

At this point the ostrich tipped me a wink accompanied by the remark that he was going to make a speech which would be a feather in his cap, but as I did not bear of him up to the time of my departure, I suppose he gave it up. However, ostriches do not wear feathers on their caps.

A row interrupted the proceedings at this point. It appears that the cynophilus called the hypopotamus a bloody, black nigger. Fears were entertained for a while that war was imminent, but a threat uttered by the president that he would send for John L. Sullivan quieted the unruly beasts. However, I left the tent at this juncture and went out into a blinding rain. As I passed the ticket wagon I heard the giraffe whisper to the moose, "Let it reinder." As these were the first and only words ever heard from a giraffe, I marvelled much over them and kept on my way until I awoke and found that I had been on a trip to dreamland and there seen Sells Bros.' Mammoth 50-Cage Menagerie in convention assembled—"What fools we mortals be."

For lame Back, & rest use Shi-oh's Porous Plaster. 25 cents. Sold by Bard & Miller.

An Aldermanic Skater.

One of our most prominent aldermen has ever been an earnest defender of roller skating, although until Wednesday evening he had never visited the rink. In conversation with his brother aldermen he often remarked that there was no more healthful exercise in existence, and that when a boy his greatest delight was to fly over the crystal ice on steel-shod feet. He often said that when he was a young and guileless youth no one could pass him on the runners, and he talked so much about his achievements that his brother aldermen began to hint that his capacity for blowing was far in advance of his skatorial skill. This made him mad, and he told them that if they would meet him at the rink Wednesday evening he would give them an exhibition of skating that would paralyze them.

He was there as advertised, and buckled on a pair of the rollers with an air of confidence that was commendable. He arose to his feet with a glad smile, and told his friends that he felt like a boy again. Then he struck out with boyish vigor, but he didn't go far. He sat down in a somewhat impromptu manner to fix one of the straps of his skates, but it was noticed that he sat down with emphasis enough to almost loosen his back teeth. He made some remark about the skates being new and the straps out of adjustment, and after tightening the leather securities he again arose and started around the rink. He made two or three brilliant strokes and then paused. He paused with both feet in the air and with a vigor that caused the north end of his spine to muss up his back hair. He sat down with a dull and sickening thud that grated harshly upon the ears of the numerous skaters who were in his immediate vicinity. He paused suddenly and so unceremoniously that he has ever since been afflicted with curvature of the spine.

This made him mad and he got up again and told his friends that he was just a little out of practice but would be all right after a few strokes, but when he started again he discovered that his feet had become possessed of a revolutionary spirit and desired to dissolve partnership. One of them struck out in the direction of Minneapolis while the other sauntered carelessly down toward LaCrosse, and the honorable gentleman again sat down to reason with the unruly pedal extremities. He sat down without the studied deliberation he might have exercised had the occasion been a less urgent one. When the elbow of his body smote the floor his eyebrows brushed his cheeks and his spinal column assumed the graceful form of the letter S.

He was taken home in the patrol wagon in a somewhat sad and dejected frame of mind, and it is hinted that at the next meeting of the council there will be one vacant chair. He will not for several weeks be able to sit with the ease and kingly grace which is due to his exalted position.

Do Not be Discouraged

even if you have tried many remedies for your Kidney disease or Liver complaint without success it is no reason why you should think your disorder incurable. The most intractable cases readily yield to the potent virtues of Kidney-Wort. It is a purely vegetable compound which acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels at the same time and thus cleanses the whole system. Don't wait but get a package to-day and cure yourself.

A MINUTE IN A DARK CELL

The Experience of a Lady who Recently Visited Newgate.

Boston Herald.

"And suppose a woman is unbearably aggravating, kicks, and shrieks, etc. I suppose you put her in a small, dark cell?" I query. "That we do after all other measures are tried in vain," replies my host. "Well, please put me in one and go away for five minutes." I request. On this I am led towards the cell "most politely," as is sung in Princess Ida. "Please, Mr. Jailer, I want a new sensation; I want to struggle and be forced in, and hear the key click in the lock with a spiteful snap; else how can I write of the dark cell realistically?"

On this I proceed to throw my arms about and behave otherwise in most rebellious manner. With a quiet smile I am humored in my little "crank," and in a second I find my arms pinioned in a firm grip, and am pushed into the dark cell, hearing the key click in the lock, and over the one wee bar at the top seeing the last of the light. I know it was silly, but, overcome with terror, I was speechless for one brief second, and it seemed to me as if an icy cold band held my temples in a cruel pressure. Then from my dumb lips came a piercing shriek, that echoed through those deserted halls with horrible distinctness. Five minutes! It was hours before they returned with the lanterns. "Oh, dear," I groaned, "will I be here always? Have they forgotten which one I am locked in?" I felt that much longer of solitary confinement would turn my brain, and I began to gasp for breath. At last they come: the gleam of light increases; the steps sound more distinctly on my ear returning to release me. I hear the jailer's keys jingle with joyful sound of freedom from my self-imposed torture, and the door flies open. I can not speak, and, womanlike choke down a sob instead.

At this my friend show me his watch. "How long have I been there?" I faltered out. "Exactly one minute," he replied. Sure enough, this is true, yet in that one minute all my life seemed to come up before my mental vision, just as it is said one's life comes up to the drowning man or woman.

I am told that usually one dose of the dark cell suffices the culprit, and I can not banish the impression that it is haunted with fiendish spirits. I know it was silly of me to be so unnerved, I, who have gone about London's slums, and know no fear of living thieves in London's streets, met at uncanny hours. Well, call me sentimental if you like, for, all the same, I solemnly assure you that I had rather die on the instant, be shot down in the twinkling of an eye, than be locked and bolted for one night in the dark cell at Newgate, with no more tangible terror than those born of my terror-stricken apprehensions. It is such a little place, only big enough to sit in—a little dark closet, in fact. Some inhuman mothers shut up their refractory children in a dark clothespress as a punishment. At all times I believe the woman who strikes a child to be a human monster, unfit to hold the sacred office of "mother." After this I shall still more loath the woman who shuts her mischievous little child in a closet for five minutes, or even a minute, as a punishment, for I know now by experience the awful fright entailed.

Oh, mothers! don't terrify the little folks. Perhaps their vexing little pranks are only an overflow of animal spirits. Learn to curb your own temper, and be gentle with the mites. Take the hot, fretful little girl in your arms, undo the pinafore and wee frock, and, slipping her out of the burdensome clothes, place her in a warm bath daintily perfumed, and my word for it, the nervous little one will soon be splashing about the water in merriment. Don't forget that children have nerves as well as grown folks, and that they have their troubles in child land. But I implore you, do not put children in dark closets as a punishment. If you can't control your own nerves, you are unfit to quiet your children's nerves, and host employ some woman to manage your offspring who is actuated by more lofty principles and mere well-balanced nature than yourself.

The Kind Of Man Wanted.

Cambridge Tribune.

Jack Williams was a brave sergeant of a regiment which, undrilled and undisciplined had joined the Army of the Potomac just as the terrible campaign of 1864 began. Before the army reached Petersburg, Jack commanded his company, the captain and lieutenants having been killed. His gallantry was so conspicuous that he was recommended for a captaincy in the regular army. Ordered before an examining board at Washington, Jack presented himself, dressed in a soiled, torn uniform, with bronzed

face and uncut beard. The trim, dapper officers composing the board had never been under fire or roughed it in the field, but they were posted in tactics and in the theory of war. Though they were shocked at Jack's unsoldierly appearance, they asked him all sorts of questions about engineering, mathematics, ordnance and campaigns. Not a single question could Jack answer.

What is echelon? asked one of the board.

Don't know, answered Jack.

What is abatis?

Never saw one.

A redan?

You fellows have got me again, replied Jack.

Well, what is a hollow square sir?

Never heard of one before. Guess they don't have them down at the front do they?

What would you do, sir, if you were in command of a company and calvary should charge on you? asked a lispng fellow in white kids.

Do, you fool! thundered Jack; I would give them Hail Columbs a that's what I'd do!

This ended the examinations, and the report of the que tions an answers, with the adverse judgment of the board, were sent to President Lincoln. His private secretary read the report to him, and when he came to the only answer that Jack had given, the president said:

Stop! read that over again.

That's just the sort of men our army wants! said the president, taking the report and dipping his pen in the inkstand. On the back of the paper he wrote in a clear hand:

Give this man a captain's commission.

A St. Louis Style.

Post Dispatch.

The guests at the Laclede who took their breakfast late this morning must have noticed that there was a little hitch in the unusual smooth running of the cuisine department, and perhaps noticed a tastier, spicier flavor to their fries. There was imminent danger of the stock of china being sadly diminished, and of blood pudding and fricasseed darkey being added to the bill of fare. One of the darkey waiters took an order to the cook in which scrambled eggs were included, and when he called for it the scrambled eggs were missing. He called the cook's attention to the deficiency, and that official whose temper had doubtless been brought to ignition point by the combined efforts of a boiling thermometer and a red-hot range, told him to go where both are seasonable all the year round. The waiter remonstrated with the cook and told him that he dared not face the guest without the eggs, but the irascible frying pan professor dismissed his plea with an unpropitious epithet, that no cullud gemman would take without protest. Then the war began and the torrid atmosphere of the kitchen was black with batter cakes, steaks, biscuits, cups, saucers, pans and dishes hurled with dire intent by the combatants. Finally, the cook grasped a butcher knife and made for the waiter but before he could show his skill at carving, the darkey picked up a heavy iron spoon and caught the cook a rap on the head which downed him. The presence of Mr. Sperry on the scene put a stop to further hostilities. The cook wears his head in a sling, and the darkey wears a smile of triumph. He got the eggs.

Unequaled Fast Time

VIA THE

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI RY

From St. Louis to All Points East.

The O. & M. Ry is now running Palace Sleeping Cars Without Change from St. Louis to

10 Hours to Louisville.

10 Hours to Cincinnati.

30 Hours to Washington.

31 Hours to Baltimore.

38 Hours to New York.

2 Hours the quickest to Louisville

2 Hours the quickest to Washington.

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Equal Fast Time with other Lines to New York, and without change of cars.

DAILY TRAINS TO CINCINNATI AND LOUISVILLE

With Through Day Cars, Parlor Cars and Palace Sleeping Coaches.

The OHIO & MISSISSIPPI RY

Is now running a

DOUBLE DAY LINE

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Palace Sleeping Caches

From ST. LOUIS TO NEW YORK

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Leaving on Morning Express via the B. & O. R. R.

and on Evening Express, via N. Y. L. E. W. R. R.

No Change of Cars for any class of

Passengers. First and Second Class passengers

are carried on Fast Express Trains, consisting

of Palace Sleeping Cars, elegant Parlor Coaches and

comfortable Day Coaches, all running THROUGH

WITHOUT CHANGE.

The only line by which you can get through

cars from St. Louis to Cincinnati without paying

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For Tickets, Rates, or any particular information,

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In St. Louis at 101 & 103 N. Fourth St.

W. W. PEABODY, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

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J. M. CAYWOOD, Prop'r.

Leaves Warsaw Tuesdays, Thursdays

and Saturdays.

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and Fridays.

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Swept into the Strem.

One Thousand Acres of Land and "Right Smart of Bears"

On the deck of a big Mississippi steamboat stood an aged Southern planter, indicating by a sweep of his arm the waters the boat was passing over. He said to a passenger from the North: "When I was twelve years old I killed my first bear on a new plantation my father was then cutting out of a forest that grew directly over the waters of this bend. That was a mighty good plantation, and there was right smart of bears there too. But that one thousand acres of land went into the Mississippi years ago."

It is putting no strain upon the figure to say that great forests of youthful hope, womanly beauty and manly strength are swept in the same way every year into the great, turbid torrent of disease and death. Yet it should not be so. That it is so is a disgrace as well as a loss. People are largely too careless or too stupid to defend their own interests—the most precious of which is health.

That gone, all is gone. Disease is simple, but to recklessness or ignorance the simplest things will well be as a proposition in Conic Sections. As the huge Western rivers which so often flood the cities along their shores, arise in a few mountain springs, so all our ailments can be traced to impure blood and a small group of disordered organs.

The most effective and inclusive remedy for disease is PARKER'S TONIC. It goes to the sources of pain and weakness. In response to its action, the liver, kidneys, stomach and heart begin their work afresh, and disease is driven out. The Tonic is not, however, an intoxicant, but cures a desire for strong drink. Have you dyspepsia, rheumatism, or troubles which have refused to yield to other agents? Here is your help.

CATARRH Hay Fever

Is a type of catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the mucous membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs, and causing a watery discharge is accompanied with a painful burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent blowing of the nose, and a watery and inflamed state of the eyes.

Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply by the finger

into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually

cleaning the nasal passages of catarrhal virus,

causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation,

protects the membranous linings of the head from

additional colds, completely heals the sores and

restores the sense of taste and smell. 50c at druggists;

60c by mail. Sample bottle by mail 10c.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

FOR CATARRH OF THE NOSE

AND FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE NOSE

AND THROAT. It is a

reliable remedy for all

catarrhal affections of

the mucous membrane

of the nose, throat and

larynx. It is a

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